NOTHING TO CROW ABOUT

Eva-Maria Sher

I.

Two crows took up residence in the conifer across from my bedroom window, built a nest, and proceeded to raise a family.

That was a while ago, and I have studied their habits and those of their progeny.

They are by no means a quiet tribe. In black-frocked dignity they strut across my lawn, commenting and muttering their apparent displeasure.

Their courtship has its musical moments but often sounds like an argument spiraling out of control.

When it comes to child raising they don't hesitate to let the whole neighborhood in on their trials and tribulations.

Once the young ones have tumbled out of the nest, intense quarrels ensue in the branches below.

II.

I dreamt about crows last night. A whole flock was flying silently outlined against a flaming sky. Their wings moved in perfect tandem, and I was keenly aware that this dream was a gift.

But then I felt a great loathing for their black-frocked presence, their dignified waddle, their quarrelsome morning voices, their flight across my evening sky—felt myself (one of them) veer and wing away.

III.

All markers were gone. All wilderness.

No one belonged to anyone.

My voice a strange tongue even to myself.

When I looked back—I was filled with longing.

IV.

And why won't I let myself dance to the tune that is mine?

I am small, I am big
I am everywhere and nowhere...

And why won't I let myself dance?

I am small, I am big so big I'd rather not.

V.

That crow, wearing cowboy boots and a city attitude—that crow in her black and blue coat, that thief that trickster. Why does she choose to eat French fries from city dumpsters, hobble across city streets, caw her opinions from rusting lamp posts?

VI.

In my morning kitchen
I can hear the arguments outside.
I have nothing to crow about.
The sun's throwing a bright rectangle across the pine floor.
I hear the kettle humming.
There's toast and blackberry jam.